

Flatmates

by MrsMCrieff

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Summary: What happens when Molly moves in to Baker Street as Sherlock's new flat mate? A fluffy and possibly smutty little Sherlolly fic.

1. Chapter 1

****Right so here we go again with a new fic. This one is all fluffy and hopefully fun; with even a tiny bit of a Cabin Pressure crossover just for shits and giggles. I felt the need to go a bit more light-hearted after the complexity of my previous fic. ****

****Anyway, enjoy. It's currently T rated but that may change as we go in; those that read my work know I like the smut. Just to confirm, I own nothing but my idea but am beyond excited to see what Mark and Steven have in store for us in Season 4.****

****Chapter 1****

It was simple in Sherlock's mind; the solving of two problems with one solution, killing two birds with one stone, $2 + 2 = 4$. He couldn't quite understand why Molly was taking so long to think about it.

It had all started early April when he had found Molly close to tears in the lab, reading and re-reading a letter. He pursed his lips and pondered whether to backtrack out of the door, before she noticed he were there, but then he closed his eyes and shook his head. She was his friend, she had rarely asked for much from him and he knew the right thing to do would be to ask her what the problem was. So, after a moments procrastination, that was what he did.

She looked up in surprise, 'oh hi Sherlock, I didn't hear you come in. Don't worry it's nothing.'

He came closer hoping he wouldn't have to hug her or anything else so personal, 'it's obviously not nothing or you wouldn't be so upset.'

She sighed and held out the letter to him, 'it's from my landlord. He's putting the rent up. Twenty percent...twenty percent! It was already expensive but now...I don't know Sherlock I think I'm going to have to find somewhere cheaper to live. I just don't want to spend that much of my income on rent...I can't.'

He glanced over the letter his mind already in overdrive thinking through the possibilities and implications. It didn't take him long.

'The solution is simple, move in with me.'

Molly looked at him; shock written all over her face, 'what?'

'I'm sure you heard me the first time Molly. Why does everyone always ask me to repeat myself? I said move in with me. John's old room is just lying empty and I was starting to think about looking for a new flat mate. You'd be perfect.'

'I'm sorry but in what universe would the two of us sharing a flat be perfect?' Asked Molly in barely disguised horror.

Sherlock turned and made his way to his favourite microscope, 'well, we already know each other for starters. I don't want the hassle of having to get to know someone new...it's always so tedious not to mention most people...well, everyone except John, moves back out within a matter of days. Plus you won't complain about me having body parts in the fridge given the fact that you're normally the person who gave them to me.' He caught a glimpse of her raising her eyebrows in disbelief, 'alright I get ALL of the body parts from you. Anyway, splitting the bills will help both of us but more than that I find...well, that I've missed the company since John left. We get on so why not?'

'I...I don't know Sherlock. I need to think about it.'

'Fine, well there's no rush as far as I'm concerned. The room is yours if you want it. Same rent as John paid.'

He gave her a figure and Molly's eyes widened. It was less than half of what she was paying at the moment...plus she'd be closer to work so would save on both time and money with her commute. But she'd be sharing with Sherlock. The very man she'd been crushing on for over five years. That wouldn't be healthy, surely.

She ended up going round to discuss it with Mary a couple of nights later when Sherlock and John were away on a case. They spent the first half of the evening talking about baby Elizabeth who was now almost three months old and it was only when she had finally fallen to sleep in her cot and they sat with a glass of wine each that Molly told Mary about his proposition.

'What are you waiting for take it,' said Mary as she took a gulp of wine; the one bonus to her having been unable to get on with breast feeding.

'But it's Sherlock. I mean the rent and location are great. I love the flat and having Mrs Hudson downstairs will be a bonus. But let's not kid ourselves Mary. I'm in love with the guy and he feels nothing for me. How healthy is it going to be living with him?'

'Well, maybe seeing him unshaven and scratching his arse in the morning will be just the tonic you need to get over your feelings for him. They say familiarity breeds contempt so maybe living with him will help you see him differently.'

Molly chewed on her thumb nail as she contemplated what Mary had said, 'maybe...' She didn't sound convinced though.

'Anyway I think it would be good for him having someone else there. You know everything that happened at New Year with the exile and the drugs. John worries about him sitting in that flat all alone with no company. I know he'd be a lot happier if he knew that you were there keeping an eye on him.'

Molly bit her lip and Mary sensed her victory, 'go on what have you got to lose. He's not tying you into any contract so if it doesn't work out you can just look around for somewhere else.'

'Well it would be so much better on my bank balance. It can't be that bad...can it?'

'I'm sure it's fine. Come on John lived with him for years and survived,' Mary felt a little guilty as she said this remembering some of John's tales about living with Sherlock but she was convinced that this could only be a good thing for them both. She had every expectation that given close proximity Sherlock would finally realise that Molly was perfect for him and would stop being such a stubborn wanker.

Molly gave it another few days but couldn't come up with any good reason not to take him up on his offer and as her deadline with her landlord loomed she sent Sherlock a text accepting his offer.

His answer came through fast.

**Glad you saw the sense in it. Let me know when you want to move in and I'll make sure I'm out of your way. SH **

She frowned, well this was getting off to a great start. No offer of help with the removal work then.

She at least fixed up to go round a couple of nights later and view her room. She'd never actually seen it during her previous, albeit limited, visits.

It felt a bit strange arriving and knowing this would soon be her new home. Mrs Hudson let her in and kissed her on both cheeks before hugging her, 'well I have to say it will be nice having another female in the house. You're welcome to pop down anytime you like for a cuppa, though evenings tend to be when I have gentlemen callers so you might want to knock. John was so upset when he walked in and caught me and Mr Nugent...well, these things happen don't they. Anyway Sherlock's upstairs but give me a shout if you need anything.'

As Molly went up the stairs she could hear him playing his violin. She was going to enjoy hearing him play more often. He was very talented but rarely played in public. In fact she'd only heard him twice before, once at **that** Christmas party and the other at John and Mary's wedding.

He broke off as she entered the flat, 'ah you're here. Feel free to take a look around. There's a set of keys for you on the table, you can move in whenever you like. Any questions?'

Molly had a few about the bills and how they would be split but Sherlock gave all the right answers. Then he offered to make her a cup of tea whilst she explored the room upstairs.

'It has its own loo and sink but you'll need to come downstairs for showers and baths. I'm not normally an early riser though so we should co-ordinate quite well in that respect.'

Molly wandered up the final set of stairs and opened the door to a surprisingly spacious room. There was a window at each end; front and back plus a door into the small en suite. She walked around thinking about her furniture and what she wanted to bring with her. There would be enough room for her bedroom furniture plus she could put her settee under the window at the front. It would give her her own space to sit and read if she needed it and she strongly suspected she would at times.

She heard Sherlock start to play again downstairs as she measured up and she smiled to herself suddenly feeling eager to move in sooner rather than later.

When she went back downstairs the cuppa was sitting waiting for her on the kitchen table and after picking it up she sat for a moment in John's old chair just letting the music wash over her. He was so intense when he played as though his mind were a thousand miles away. It allowed her to look at him far more than she was ever able to normally. The dying sunlight cast a golden glow around his head making him look like an angel or an apostle from a medieval painting.

He carried on playing for five more minutes before letting the tune come to a natural end then he put the instrument down and came to sit opposite her picking up his own cup.

'Are you going to be OK with Toby coming here?'

He frowned, 'whose Toby?'

She rolled her eyes, 'my cat.'

He shrugged, 'it will be fine. Mrs Hudson loves cats and I have no objections so long as he doesn't come into my bedroom.'

Molly nodded wondering how easy that would be. Laying down a rule to a cat was just a challenge to be broken but she didn't want to say anything to put him off.

'Are you sure you're going to be happy sharing with me?'

He smiled, 'why wouldn't I be Molly?'

'Well, have you ever shared with a woman before?'

'Is that a roundabout way of asking if I've lived with a girlfriend Molly or a genuine question?'

She blushed but said nothing so he continued, 'no, I've never shared with a woman but I'm sure you can't be that much different from John. But yes I'm positive. I'm actually looking forward to it. It's been lonely these last few months and that is something I never thought I would hear myself say.'

Two weeks later and Molly had hired a man with a van, Icarus Removals. She'd spent the last fortnight clearing out her flat and sorting out everything she wanted to get rid of and the rest had been packed up and was ready to go. The two guys, Martin and Arthur, were enthusiastic rather than talented but they were cheap to hire and happy to help Molly with all the things she needed doing. She was embarrassed to realise she even found Martin quite cute in a dorky sort of way and on the basis that he looked far too shy to ever ask her out she gave him her mobile number and asked him to call her sometime...if he wanted to. His answering blush and smile told her that he did and she hoped he wouldn't leave it too long.

She'd agreed with Mrs Hudson that John's old furniture could be moved to the basement flat and she was pleased to see that Sherlock had cleared some space in the front room for her books and laptop etc. It was a long day and Sherlock was noticeably absent throughout but by eight o'clock that evening a weary Molly flopped onto the settee with a plate of cake and sandwiches that Mrs Hudson had brought up for her and she looked around contentedly.

She still had work to do upstairs. The furniture was all in place but her clothes were still in cases and needed unpacking but she'd worry about that tomorrow. For now she just needed food, drink and rest.

She finished the food and was just starting to doze off when there was a bang downstairs and she heard Sherlock make his way up the stairs.

She smiled to herself, _here goes. Let the flat share commence!_

****And here we go, launching into a new fic. Let me know if you like the sound of it. Chapter two will be up in a few days.****

2. Chapter 2

****Thank you for all your reviews and comments. I'm so glad it's going down well and that there are so many Cabin Pressure fans out there! So, here I am back with another instalment. Hope you enjoy it.****

****Chapter 2****

She noticed Sherlock hesitate momentarily in the doorway as he realised she was here but he quickly disassembled and made his way in, removing his coat and scarf as he went.

'Move go OK?'

'Yes, thanks. It was fine. I hope you don't mind me setting up my laptop opposite yours...only there was space. I know John used to sit there though...'

'No, no that's fine. Have you had food?'

'Yes, Mrs Hudson brought some up. Yours is on the side under a tea towel to keep it fresh.'

Molly was cringing inwardly about how overly polite they were both being. She supposed it would take a bit of time to get used to sharing a space together.

Sherlock moved off into the kitchen and then into his bedroom, quietly turfing Toby out, and she sat up wondering if she should go up to her room and leave him to it. Trouble was she didn't want to look like she was hiding from him, which was exactly what she would be doing.

In the end she stood and realising how dark it was getting she shut the curtains. It seemed odd doing such a mundane, domestic task in what still felt like someone else's home. 'It's my home too,' she said to herself quietly.

'It certainly is, why was it in dispute?'

She spun around to find Sherlock walking toward her biting on one of sandwiches from the plate he was carrying. It was not that which caught her attention though. It was the fact he was wearing his pyjamas and a dressing gown.

For a moment her brain seemed to close down on itself. She knew she was staring somewhere around the middle of his chest but she couldn't seem to command her head to rise up. Bar his foray under cover last year she'd never seen him so...dressed down. It was a simple set of striped, flannel pyjama bottoms and a grey t shirt topped off with a thin blue dressing gown but it had made her stomach flip over and her mind shut down.

'Molly...' His voice had a warning edge and brought her back to herself. She knew she must be blushing as she looked back up at his face.

'Sorry, sorry. I'm just tired. It's been a long day, too long. So where were you whilst all the work was being done?'

He sat down on his chair and she wandered over to sit opposite him, tucking her feet underneath herself before feeling suddenly guilty and starting to straighten back up.

He waved a sandwich filled hand at her, 'you're fine Molly, it's your chair now so sit how you like. You can lie across it or perch on the back for all I care.'

He took another bite and then continued, 'I was over at Barts checking on the culture samples from the liver you gave me last week...'

And just like that the awkwardness seemed to melt away. They spent the next hour discussing his findings and whether he could replicate them with a more decayed liver, Molly offered to check for one the next day and before she knew it it was past ten thirty and with a yawn she realised it was time to retire for the night.

She stretched, closing her eyes and missing how Sherlock's eyes became drawn to her chest. She had removed her bra before she'd settled down to her tea, hating the way it felt after twelve hours of wear. Her t shirt was white and as she stretched her nipples could just about be seen through the thin material.

She stood up, 'I'm going to make a cuppa to take up do you want one?'

'Hmm, oh...yes please.'

She glanced back at him as she waited for the kettle to boil. His eyes were closed and his elbows were on the arm rests with his hands steepled beneath his chin. She wondered if he had gone into his fabled mind palace and if so, whether she should disturb him and say good night.

In the end she put the cup on the table by his side and left without saying anything.

SHSHSHSHSHSHSHSHSHSH

For the first time Sherlock was really contemplating the potential consequences of what he had done by inviting Molly to move in with him. He had long been aware of her feelings for him, if anything he enjoyed it. It was always nice to feel attractive and wanted especially for someone with his needy personality type.

He had seen the way she had looked at him as he'd walked into the front room in his pyjamas and he hadn't been able to resist letting her know that he'd noticed her reaction. Plus she'd seemed almost out of it for a moment. Maybe she really had been tired, after all he wasn't that attractive.

The thing that surprised him however was his reaction to seeing her breasts, albeit in a slightly oblique way. In fact the more he thought about it the more he realised it was the opaqueness of the t shirt that bothered him more than the transparency. It made him want to see more whereas he suspected if he had seen more he may have preferred to see less.

He thought about deleting the image and found he couldn't quite bring himself to do it, so instead he tucked it away in the new room he had created for Molly in honour of her moving in. It had seemed only right that he give her her own space now away from Barts.

When he opened his eyes Toby was curled up asleep on his lap, Molly had gone, no doubt to bed, and his cup of tea was cold. He huffed, waking up Toby who leisurely stretched before jumping down in search of food. Finally he stood up and took his cup of tea over to the kitchen to throw it away, it was never quite as nice if it were microwaved. He decided he might as well go to bed himself.

MHMHMHMHMHMHMHMHMH

The next morning he awoke hearing some kind of pop music emanating quietly from the kitchen. He rolled over onto his back with a groan before blearily turning to glance at his clock to see what time it was as he realised it must be Molly making the noise as she was getting ready for work.

Molly was sat on one of the kitchen chairs, with her feet up on a second one, drinking a coffee whilst putting on her make up; the radio keeping her company in the background.

It had made a pleasant change getting up a full half an hour later. There were some definite advantage to living on Baker St.

She glanced up as Sherlock's bedroom door opened and a disheveled Sherlock, complete with stubble _dear God_, made his way out and into the bathroom with barely a glance in her direction let alone a hello or good morning. She smiled to herself and taking pity on him she stood and refilled the kettle before switching it back on. She knew he'd need a coffee once he re-emerged.

Five minutes later and looking marginally more awake he came back out and into the kitchen to find a clean mug for his morning drink.

'Morning Sherlock, did you sleep well?' She asked as she added a touch of lipstick to her look.

'Not as well as you it seems.'

'No, I slept like a log. It was a lot quieter than I thought it would be, I could barely hear the traffic noise at all through the night.'

Sherlock just grunted in response as he sat down on the chair that Molly had just withdrawn her feet from. She stood checking the contents of her bag before pulling on her jacket.

'Will you be in later?'

'Doubtful, John will be round shortly and we're likely to pick something up, case-wise, from the emails.'

'Alright well maybe I'll see you when I get back then,' and with that she bent and kissed him on the lips.

It was just a peck and it was only as she was righting herself that she suddenly realised what she had done. He was watching her quizzically as her face morphed into one of shocked horror, 'oh my God, I am so sorry. I don't know what came over me. I've never lived with a man I wasn't dating before...maybe it was just tiredness, I just slipped into old behaviour.'

Then she did the worst thing possible. She compounded her error by placing her hand on his lightly stubbled jaw and slid her thumb across his lips to remove the trace of her lipstick.

She swore she saw him roll his eyes, and it was not in a good way, as

he lightly caught hold of her wrist and gently removed her hand from his face, 'yes, well let's just put it down to one of those things and forget about it.' He stood and started to make his way back to his bedroom before turning at the last minute, 'maybe you could find me that set of eyes that I asked for a couple of days back. I still have some ideas about how we can test for...'

'Yes, yes of course I'll bring them home with me. OK well I'll see you later.'

She walked away still berating herself for being so stupid. She couldn't believe she had kissed him...kissed him! She wasn't sure what had come over her but it had been just like all those mornings with Tom where she'd be leaving for work before him and she'd bend and kiss him goodbye.

Of course she'd noticed how quick he had capitalised on her error. He'd been after those eyes for ages now but seriously if it meant they never had to speak of the kiss again it was fine by her. She hurried down Baker St towards the tube station still dwelling on her actions.

SHSHSHSHSHSHSHSHSH

Sherlock rolled his eyes at the sight of the cat curled up asleep in the centre of his bed but didn't move him. Instead he half lay half sat and drank the rest of his coffee as he organised his thoughts and findings from the tests he'd been working on the day before. They hadn't been very exciting or interesting and normally he wouldn't have bothered leaving the flat for them but he hadn't wanted to be around whilst Molly had moved in. It would just have entailed him getting drawn in to moving boxes, tidying up or some other puerile task. Why did everyone assume that someone lying on a settee must be in need of some sort of task being thrust upon them?

He smirked to himself a little when he remembered her absent-mindedly kissing him that morning. Yes it had been a shock but surprisingly not unpleasant. He wondered for a moment what it would be like if Molly kissed him goodbye like that every morning. He decided he'd keep it. It was a good memory of Molly and it had finally tipped the odds in his favour of getting those eyes so there had been a benefit in it.

He brought his hand up to his jaw placing it where Molly had placed hers, letting his thumb move across his lips as she had. Even just remembering he shivered a little from the feel. He did need to be careful; he had no room for sentiment or emotion in his life. He needed to concentrate on the work. He rose from his bed to go and have a shower before John arrived, it would be good to find something else to exercise his brain.

So, looks as though Molly and Toby are settling in OK. I love hearing your ideas for what might go on in the flat and may have to incorporate gun firing at some point, so please keep them coming.

3. Chapter 3

**So many ideas and tropes, I hope I can fit some of them in and you

like the ones I've come up with.****Thank you again for your reviews and support.**

However, before we get on with the story I realise that I forgot to mention this weeks release of the first trailer of Dr Strange. I don't know about you guys but it blew me away. Ben looks amazing and soooo hot, i cannot wait to see the whole thing...so exited!

Bust enough of me fangirling let's get on.

Chapter 3

It was almost a week before Molly received a text from Martin the removal guy.

Sorry, out of the country for a few days. Are you free Sunday? Thought we could meet at the Royal Air Force Museum in Edgware they have over a hundred planes to view! Let me know, Martin

Molly frowned, it didn't sound the most exciting of dates but then beggars can't be choosers. It's not as though she had had a lot of offers recently or much planned for Sunday. She wondered why he had been out of the country but remembered again how sweet and kind he had seemed; not to mention painfully shy.

She replied in the affirmative and suggested a time just after lunch. If they got on well she could always suggest dinner. That was when she suddenly thought about how awkward it might be inviting a man back to Baker St.; she hadn't really considered that before. Would Sherlock just go out if she asked or stay in his room? She made a mental note to ask John what he used to do, that was if she got a chance to ask him without Sherlock around.

Other than that they'd been living together for just over a week now and so far so good. It had helped that he'd been away on a case for two nights and having the place to herself had somehow made it feel more like home and less like she was squatting in his apartment. By the time he returned she was wrapped up in a dressing gown in his chair reading a book...well it was comfier than the other one and the lighting was better for reading. At least that was her cover story, truth was she liked sitting where he normally sat just because it was him. It seemed living with him wasn't breeding contempt so far.

It didn't help that she now regularly saw him come out of the bathroom with nothing on but a white towel wrapped around his slim hips and using another to towel dry his hair. Molly had been in the kitchen the first time, cooking, and had turned towards him totally not expecting to see what she saw. It was lucky that the bowl was plastic because had it been glass it would have shattered everywhere.

'Sorry to...surprise you Molly,' the way his eyes narrowed told her he knew exactly what had caused her to drop the bowl but he carried on, 'I was covered in pigs blood and figured you wouldn't appreciate me joining you for dinner looking like a serial killer.'

'Well, you deduced right on that one. So do I want to know how you ended up covered in pigs blood. I thought you said it was a simple case and the accountant had done it.'

He leant against the kitchen cabinets and Molly tried to keep her eyes on his face and not his chest or lower but it was really hard. 'It WAS the accountant but we tracked him down at an abattoir where he managed the accounts and when he saw us he stupidly ran. I caught him first but as I tackled him he turned and threw a bucket of blood and offal over me. It was a good job I wasn't wearing my Belstaff it would have been ruined. Anyway, John and Lestrade had caught up by then so they took over. I had to be brought back in a police car, no cab would take me.' He grimaced over the word police car and Molly snickered a little at his obvious disgruntlement at such an undignified form of transport.

She turned back to her baking, life with Sherlock seemed to be endless take aways and Molly was determined to bring some homemade food into both their diets. He turned and looked over her shoulder, 'so, what's for dinner?'

Molly could almost feel the gap between their bodies, as though there were a layer of electricity between them. He was in no way touching her but he felt so, so close. She swore she had stopped breathing.

'Umm...I...err...pie. We're having pie.'

He moved away, 'well I could see that much Molly. I was hoping for a little more detail.'

'Sorry, steak and kidney pie with carrots and broccoli. It'll be ready in about forty minutes.'

'In that case I shall see you then, when I am more appropriately dressed.'

Molly couldn't help but sneak a peek at his back as he turned and left the kitchen making for his bedroom. He had such broad shoulders and such a narrow waist and she would have given a lot in that moment to have been able to place her hands on his skin...yup, definitely no contempt yet._

They hadn't spent a lot of time together yet but when it had been just the two of them they had fallen into their normal, easy friendship. Sherlock asked her about the bodies coming through her morgue, she asked him about his cases and they had even spent one evening playing Cluedo although by the end Molly wished she had listened to John had vowed never to do that again.

Living with him was less fraught than she had expected it to be. Even Toby had settled in well though his favourite place was curled up on Sherlock's bed. Sherlock had ousted him from the room the first couple of times but seemed to have given up and as he wasn't complaining to Molly she hadn't done anything to try and stop him.

When he eventually emerged from the bedroom he was in his normal evening pyjamas. Molly had almost got used to seeing him like this and struggled now to decide if she preferred him relaxed like this or buttoned up in his tight shirts and suits. Both looks were completely different but equally hot in their own way. 'Come on Hooper, get a grip.' She whispered to herself under her breath.

'Get a grip of what?' Asked Sherlock from across the room. Molly jolted in shock, wondering for a moment whether he actually had bat hearing?

'Ummm...just the cooking, I'm not very good and I don't want to burn anything.'

He meandered into the kitchen, 'do you need help at all?'

'No, it's fine. Maybe you can pour us both some wine or just me if you don't want anything. Do you drink much at home?'

'Not regularly, not as much as John did anyway. It's not good for the brain but if I haven't got a case then I don't mind a glass or two.'

She could hear him pouring it out as she started to dish up the food.

'Did you want to use the kitchen table? I could maybe move my experiments out of the way?'

'No don't worry. I think it would need scouring for a few hours or even days before we could eat food off of it. Coffee in the morning is about its limit in its current state. We can eat on the settee maybe? I kind of got used to eating off my knee when I was living alone.'

She turned around with a plate in each hand and Sherlock picked up the glasses of wine and led her through to the front room.

The next ten minutes were carried out in silence as they both ate their food but as the meal came to a close Sherlock thanked her for cooking and even complimented her on the pie.

'Thanks, it's my nan's recipe. There're not many things I'm good at cooking but that's one of them. It's my go to date meal.' As she said the latter she cringed hoping Sherlock wouldn't pick up on it.

'Oh, so this is a date is it?' He smirked and she knew he was trying to make a joke with her.

'No, no I mean...well I wanted to cook something and figured it wouldn't do any harm to practice.'

He put down his empty plate and picked up his wine before leaning back, 'so you're practicing your go to date meal. Anything I should be aware of Molly...new man on the scene. You know I've told you to give up on that, your choices so far haven't been very...'

Molly felt herself bridle, 'very what Sherlock?'

'Very sound. I don't know why you still bother.'

She frowned, 'because I don't want to be alone for the rest of my life Sherlock. Because I don't want to die a crazy old cat lady. That's why and because...'

She was on the verge of saying _the man I really love doesn't want

me_ but she managed to bite back the words at the last minute. Saying that to Sherlock would just embarrass them both and there was no point, no point at all.

'Because?'

She looked up from her wine realising that he'd leant towards her, a curious look on his face.

She shook her head slowly, 'it doesn't matter. Don't you ever need somebody Sherlock?'

'Yes,' he looked her directly in the eye and she found herself spell bound, 'you Molly. I needed you.'

For a split second she thought he was saying more than he really was; that he was saying he wanted her. But then he reclined back into the seat again and continued, 'that's why I invited you to move in so I would have your companionship.'

She tried not to look too deflated; after all he had never led her on, he'd only ever been 100% clear regarding his feelings for her. Yes he manipulated her every so often but not with promises of a relationship.

She sighed, 'how do you turn it off though Sherlock? How do you not need love?'

He shrugged, 'I don't know that I do. I mean if I didn't need anything I wouldn't be friends with John, I wouldn't put up with Mrs Hudson I wouldn't be enjoying your company tonight. We all need love Molly you just maybe find it easier to give than I do. I...I do wish I could show it better sometimes.'

They were silent for a moment or two but it didn't feel awkward.

'So who is he?'

Molly blushed, 'the removal guy. We haven't been out yet but he asked me to meet him on Sunday. I...er..I'm not saying I'll invite him here or anything but just for the future what did you used to do when John had a date. Did you go out or...?'

He smirked, 'honestly, he rarely brought women back. I don't think he trusted me not to insult them...which was probably fairly wise of him. I don't want you to feel that you can't come back here though. Maybe just send me a text and I'll make myself scarce. And on that note I think I'll make myself scarce right now. Thanks for the meal Molly, leave the pots John will wash them up in the morning he won't want you to feel you have to do everything around here like he had to.' He smiled and swigged down the rest of his wine as he walked back towards his room.

Molly sat in the gathering dark for a while, having poured herself another glassful. She couldn't help but feel sad at the matter of fact way that Sherlock had discussed her bringing men over.

He really doesn't care at all...I mean, I always knew it but hearing him talk like that...just confirms it. I'm wasting my time loving him I just wish I knew how to turn it off!

****Am I being cruel making it seem like there is no hope? We all know there is though ;). I'll be back soon with a new chapter and perhaps an insight into Sherlock's thoughts.****

4. Chapter 4

****So when we last left them Molly was giving up all hope, but how does Sherlock feel. Read on to find out.****

****Chapter 4****

Molly wasn't quite right though in her evaluation of Sherlock's mood. He felt unreasonable irritable and he didn't quite understand why. He lay on his bed and thought back over their conversation and pinned it down to the point where it had become clear that Molly had a date. He'd felt uncomfortable; she never chose well and it always ended badly for her. He tried to tell himself he didn't like to see her get hurt or upset but a nagging voice at the back of his head told him it was more than that...that he didn't like seeing her with anyone else.

He opened his eyes in the dark watching the shadows on the ceiling. Maybe he was just selfish, wanting Molly to be available at his every beck and call. It had been hard enough to give up John to Mary without losing Molly as well. He huffed angrily...love; it always got in the way.

When he closed his eyes to try to get to sleep the image that came to mind was Molly curled up in his chair the other night wearing her cream, fleece dressing gown. It wasn't a particularly sexy or attractive look for her but he'd liked it. She seemed to look so...he struggled to find the word to describe how it had made him feel. It was as though he were finally coming home after years away even though it was only two days. She just made everything feel...right.

God he needed a case.

It was lucky therefore that one was brought to his attention the next day. Lestrade called him soon after Molly had left for work. There was a body of a woman found washed up at the side of the Thames.

Sherlock texted John as he got ready and he collected him in a cab before heading down to view the body.

As they arrived Greg came up to meet the car, 'bit of an X Files case for you today Mulder.' He quipped as Sherlock paid the cabbie.

John laughed but Sherlock just looked bemused, 'what on earth are you talking about Graham?'

Greg rolled his eyes, 'nothing, never mind. The body's down here. Initial cause of death appears to be exsanguination and to top it off she has bite marks on her neck.

John's head reared back a little, 'so what, we're looking for a vampire?'

Sherlock shook his head in despair, 'hardly John. I think we can at least agree that there are no such things as vampires.'

'Well, see for yourselves.' Lestrade gestured towards the body.

The woman was naked and lying face down in the dirt. She'd obviously been in the water for some time. John watched as Sherlock circled the body before removing his magnifying lens and focusing in on her neck, where there were indeed two puncture wounds which looked just like a film version of a vampire bite. He also gently lifted her arms checking the veins for any other needle marks as well as her finger nails.

He stood, swiftly pocketing the lens. 'You'll be sending the body to Barts no doubt?'

Greg nodded.

'Fine, I'll let Molly know. Do we have any identity yet?'

'No, not yet. We're going through missing persons over the last 48 hours and I'll let you know if we pin it down at all.'

Sherlock looked around silently at the fast flowing water. Eventually he turned back, 'this won't be the last and something tells me it wasn't the first time. We need to check to see if there have been any other similar cases. We'll come back to Scotland Yard with you before going to Barts.'

Greg looked worried, 'so what? You think we're looking at a serial killer?'

Sherlock smiled gleefully, 'oh yes, I love those. Come on John there's work to be done.'

He left Lestrade wiping a hand wearily over his face, 'God I hate serial killers.'

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Molly did indeed receive a text from Sherlock telling her the body was coming in, along with a list of things he specifically wanted her to look out for.

She was sad for the victim but was glad that he'd found something to occupy him. He didn't seem to cope well without at least some kind of case and it had been a while since he had really got his teeth into something.

She giggled a little at her own joke and then set about preparing the autopsy table and her equipment so she was ready when the body came in.

It was still a bit of a shock though to see the bite marks on the body but, like Sherlock, Molly was very clear that vampires belonged in books and films, there was no such thing in real life. She spent quite some time photographing and examining the marks as well as the rest of the body and when Sherlock came in she was ready with the preliminary findings.

He arrived just as she was putting the body away but she paused long enough for him to take another look over her.

'So, what did you find Molly?'

He seemed closer to her than normal. It seemed that the two of them living together meant that their personal spaces seemed to have reduced. He was now happy to lean on the table centimetres from where she stood, she could have put her hand out and placed it on his chest. She found herself almost fisting her hands to make sure that she didn't.

'You asked me to look out for any other puncture wounds but there was definitely nothing else. The blood must have been taken through one of those two puncture sites. They do look like they could be teeth marks, the size and shape would fit someone with extraordinarily long incisors but I'm sure you're with me in ruling out real life vampires.'

He gave a curt nod and indicated for her to go on.

'They could have been made a number of different ways and then I suspect the murderer used one of them to hide the syringe mark and siphon the blood.'

'I suspect she'd been in the water between 24 and 36 hours...no more than that and she was dead when she was put in it. There was no water in the lungs. Death was caused by the loss of blood and there were no other significant injuries though I did find ligature marks on her wrists and ankles and evidence of gagging.'

'I've taken what little blood is left and asked for an urgent tox report, though they're quite busy at the moment. Gemma's off ill and Sanjay is on holiday.' She hurried on as Sherlock rolled his eyes in disinterest, 'right...yes well I've taken samples from her nails as requested and they're in the lab waiting for you. I can come up and help in a few minutes if you need it.'

'Thanks, yes that would be useful. John had to go as Lizzie was being sick and Mary wanted him to check her over. If you're making coffee I'll have one too.'

As he walked away Molly smiled, at least he'd stopped telling her how he liked his coffee. Five years was long enough to know how he drank it but up until she'd moved in with him he had told her every, single time.

MHMHMHMHMHMHMHMHMH

They spent a good couple of hours working on the tests that Sherlock wanted to carry out and he had been able to pinpoint the compound under her nails. Most of it was chalk but some was soil and he'd narrowed it down to two areas in London, Greenwich and Islington. He texted the information to Lestrade and then started to chase Molly for the blood tests. She rang through to the labs but they were back logged and hadn't got round to it yet leaving Sherlock very disgruntled.

He picked up Molly's autopsy report and started reading through it as

she carried on with her paperwork.

Once or twice she found herself glancing over at him. He was looking particularly hot today in his black suit with a fitted white shirt. She wondered, not for the first time, if she would ever get over this man...if she even ever wanted to.

He looked up, catching her staring but his mind seemed to be elsewhere, 'Molly, you mention puncture wounds in the fingertips, you didn't mention them to me downstairs.'

'Yes well you asked me to look for syringe marks, that kind of thing. These were very shallow, no blood could have been taken from them. I only noticed them after I cleaned her hands.'

'And they were on all her fingers, just one...what?'

'Mainly her index fingers and thumbs and mostly her left hand.'

He started texting again.

'Does that mean something?' Molly asked as she came over to stand by him, feeling curious.

'She's in fashion for a living, the prick marks combined with the chalk deposits indicate dressmaking. It's not a popular hobby nowadays so I suspect she works in the industry somehow.'

Just then the door opened and Greg came in holding his phone and no doubt reading Sherlock's text. He looked up and grinned, 'you're not wrong Sherlock, you're never wrong. Her name was Cindy Green and she made handmade ballet shoes for the Royal Ballet here in London. She lived in a flat just outside of Islington. I don't know how you do it but I'm sure you'll enjoy telling me.'

'Perfect, we need to interview, friends, family, work colleagues.'

'Already on it Sherlock. My team is arranging access to her flat and we can take it from there. Looks like it's going to be a long day.'

Molly could have laughed at the excited look on Sherlock's face as he hurriedly gathered up his belongings before putting on his Belstaff and tying his scarf around his neck.

'Are you coming Molly?'

She frowned, 'don't be daft I've still got work to do here. I can't go gallivanting off at the drop of a hat. Go on, enjoy yourself and I'll see you back at home.'

He scowled, 'fine but don't worry about food, I won't need anything today.' With that he hesitated but then smiled and bent his head and kissed her briefly on the lips. He pulled away smirking at her shocked look and hearing a 'bloody hell' from Lestrade in the back ground. Gently he put his hand on her jaw and swiped his thumb across her lips as he gave her a wink, 'don't wait up.'

He turned towards the Detective Inspector who was stood gawping at

the two of them, the case momentarily forgotten. 'What the bloody hell was that?'

'Private joke, nothing for you to concern yourself with. Now come on this murder isn't going to solve itself.' And with that he pushed through the doors and left with Greg trailing in a stunned fashion behind him.

Molly sat down on one of the lab stools and put her fingers to her lips, if that was Sherlock's idea of a joke Molly was happy for him to make it every day.

****Maybe a bit OOC for Sherlock? If so sorry but I couldn't resist him turning the tables on Molly and totally not realising how much more of a big deal it would be for her. Next time is date time! However will it go? Let me know what you think.****

5. Chapter 5

****Wow, thank you so much for all your reviews. Many of you are anticipating the date and hoping it goes well. Today is the day that you find out!****

****On another note it was fun seeing Ben on the Shakespeare 400 last night though I would have liked him to play a bigger role in the night. Instead I shall just look forward to his turn as Richard in The Hollow Crown. But enough from me, on with the fic.****

****Chapter 5****

Molly didn't see Sherlock again that day and she went to bed wondering what exactly he was getting up to. It was funny, she never really worried about him when she'd had her own place but now she was sharing with him she was so much more aware of the dangers he put himself in and the strange hours he kept. Not to mention his unhealthy eating habits, starving himself during cases and then bingeing when they ended.

She soon fell asleep only to be woken what seemed like minutes later by the sounds of his violin. She glanced at her clock and groaned 3.47am. She tried rolling over and ignoring him and then putting a pillow over her head but nothing seemed to make a difference. In the end she had to confront him, she needed her sleep; she had work in just over four hours.

She padded downstairs in her nightdress not thinking to put on her dressing gown just intent on getting him to stop playing if possible.

He broke off as soon as she entered the room looking at her by the light of the lamp in the corner of the room. For a moment the whirls of information in his head seemed to still. He took in everything about her from the bed-head hair to the flimsy nightdress which covered up just enough that it made him curious to see more. He swallowed with difficulty and turned away admitting to himself that she looked very sexy and very dangerous. Dangerous because she had no idea of the affect she was having on him in that moment; a moment of human weakness.

'Sorry, did I disturb you?'

'Yes, I can't sleep with you playing.'

'John used to use ear plugs. There's a bag of them in the bathroom cabinet, but don't worry I think I've finished for now.'

He put his instrument down and turned back just in time to see her yawn and stretch, her silky gown sliding up her thighs. His eyes were glued to her petite form, normally so covered in baggy, shapeless clothing. This, this was...

She let her arms stretch out before dropping back to her sides. 'So how's the case going, have you solved it yet?'

'No, not yet. I need more information, another death...'

'That's nice Sherlock. Anyway I'm going back to bed; maybe you should get some sleep too. Your brain will be better for it.'

He found himself not wanting her to go and he scrambled to come up with a reason for her to remain, 'maybe I could make us both a drink...some cocoa? I think John left some behind.'

Molly hesitated, 'oh, why not, I'm awake now. It might help me get back to sleep. Do you mind?'

She indicated to his dressing gown which he'd removed earlier and thrown onto his chair.

'No, no I suppose not,' he felt unreasonably aggrieved about her clothing herself right up until the moment he saw her in his gown. He wasn't sure which was worse, HIS clothing on her, or that skimpy nightdress.

He bit on his lip and turned to put the kettle on before distracting himself by rummaging through the cupboards for the cocoa. He was feeling very out of sorts and put it down to his lack of sleep and food, maybe he did need something. Finally he put his hands on the tub and, ignoring the best before date, he spooned some out into the waiting cups.

By the time he took Molly's over to her she was half asleep on the settee all curled up on herself.

'Thanks Sherlock,' she murmured drowsily as she sat up enough to take her mug. 'Tell me about the case...send me to sleep.' She smiled cheekily at him and he rolled his eyes but he did as she asked going through everything he knew so far, his deductions and hypotheses as much for himself as for her. She nodded and made the odd suggestion but he could see from her increasingly glazed eyes that she wasn't really with him.

Eventually he put his cup down and put his hand on her knee trying to ignore the sparks of feeling low in his abdomen as he did. He shook her gently, 'come on Molly, time for bed.'

'Mmm with you... anytime,' she muttered back and he chuckled knowing she wasn't really thinking straight.

In the end he lifted her from the settee causing her to shriek a little and wake up suddenly. 'What are you doing?'

'Taking you up to your bed, you were asleep.' He'd made it to the bottom of the stairs but she pummeled on his chest with her small fists. 'Well I'm not now so put me down.'

He gently put her onto the first step and couldn't resist saying, 'I thought you would have liked me taking you to bed. Ah well, until tomorrow then Molly.'

Molly's eyes narrowed as she watched him go back into the front room and it was only when she was back in her own room that she realised she was still wearing his dressing gown. She took it off and sat on the edge of her bed contemplating whether she should take it back down but she was too tired to be bothered. She couldn't resist bringing the material up to her face though and breathing in his scent even as she lay herself down. She closed her eyes...she could almost imagine him lying in the bed with her...and with that thought she fell asleep.

MHMHMHMHMHMHMHMHMH

The next morning she was embarrassed to wake up finding herself still hugging Sherlock's dressing gown. She rolled her eyes at herself, 'dear God, am I fifteen here or what?'

She tried to flatten out the creases so he wouldn't suspect when she gave it back to him but in the end she thought it might be safer to launder it before she returned it. There were certain things she didn't want him deducing.

She only saw him briefly over the next couple of days. Another body had been found which Molly duly autopsied but it was so similar to the previous one and the identity was already known so there wasn't a lot for her to do by way of tests. The tox screen on the first body came back and showed that the victim had indeed been drugged though most traces had left the system and wouldn't even have been identified if Sherlock hadn't asked that they be specifically looked for.

She heard him again early one morning moving around downstairs but he was normally asleep when she left for work and out by the time she got in.

She worked the Saturday so Sunday was her first day off and also her first date with Martin. They met as arranged and Molly had to admit that spending the afternoon with him in the aircraft museum was very informative. She hadn't realised before that he was a pilot. It appeared it wasn't always the well paid job that you'd think it would be and he did the man with a van thing as a sideline to supplement his income.

They did end up having dinner together. Nothing fancy, just pub grub in a place that Molly knew not far from Baker St and as they were having a good time she decided to invite him back for coffee, nothing else just coffee. She knew he wouldn't be the sort to read more into it.

She hadn't seen Sherlock at the flat earlier but, just in case, she

sent off a text before talking to Martin.

****Coming back in 20 mins with my date for coffee. If you are there could you make yourself scarce. Molly x****

She heard nothing back so assumed he wasn't in.

Martin was ever so sweet on the way asking if he could hold her hand. She still wasn't sure that there was a spark there but he was nice enough for her to want to give it a chance.

As she opened the door to Baker St he commented on how fortunate she was to have a flat in such a central location.

'I know, come on up. I couldn't afford it by myself and actually I only recently moved in. It's a flat share with a colleague of mine but don't worry he's out...or not as the case may be. Sherlock, you're here, didn't you get my text?'

'Oh, was that from you? It pinged but it was over on the kitchen table and you weren't here to pass it to me.'

Molly came in with a shy Martin tagging along behind, 'no, well I wasn't here because I was on my date, remember!' She said the latter quite pointedly in the hopes that he would take the hint but he carried on sitting in his chair with his hands in a prayer position.

'So, who do we have here then?' He finally turned and broke his pose letting his hands come to rest on the chair arms.

Martin was about to introduce himself when Sherlock stopped him with a finger held up as he rose fluidly from his chair, 'no, let me.'

He circled around Martin looking him up and down whilst Molly let out a frustrated sigh, 'Sherlock!' She said warningly as she went over to put the kettle on.

'You're a pilot, not a very good one though and certainly not a confident one. You work for a small firm...one plane, bossy female in charge and a very competent co-pilot who flies far better than you do. You earn a pittance there if not...nothing...no that can't be right. Anyway you do the removal work as your paying job. You have siblings...two at a guess and mum's still alive but dad's dead. How did I do?'

He smiled at Martin but Molly knew it wasn't a genuine smile, more like one a shark would give to its prey before eating it.

'Wow, you're really good. You should do that for a living.'

Sherlock huffed and returned to his chair, 'I do! I'm a consulting detective, the only one in the world.'

Molly came over, 'Martin, this is Sherlock Holmes, Consulting Detective and insufferable show off, Sherlock this is Martin Crieff...a nice guy who is my DATE for this evening. Now, can I take your coat Martin, how do you like your coffee?'

'Black, two sugars for me Molly,' said Sherlock as he sat back down.

Just as Martin turned to him with recognition, 'oh you're the hat detective.'

'Obviously not, do you see a hat?'

'No, no I mean the one in the papers, the one who died a few years back...though, hang on...'

Sherlock looked at him and then raised his eyebrows at Molly, 'yes? In your own time...no rush.'

'Well, you can't be dead can you..I mean you're here so. Did I miss something about you not being dead?'

'Obviously!'

Molly came over with the cups, 'yours is in the kitchen Sherlock. I'm sure you have things you need to do.'

He stood up and went to retrieve his drink, 'nope, nothing at all. I'm happy getting to know Martin here.'

Molly would have slapped him if she hadn't had company. She didn't want to take Martin up to her bedroom because she was worried about the messages that would send but it was clear that Sherlock had no intention of going anywhere. She was effectively stuck.

She sat down on the settee and tried to engage in small talk with Martin but Sherlock kept butting in with interesting facts or unasked for opinions. The final straw came when she offered to cook for Martin one night.

'Oh yes, our Molly here does a mean Steak and Kidney pie don't you Molly? Though it's a little like her sex life dry and lacking in meatâ€|'

She was on her feet in a flash, 'Sherlock!' She was furious, speechless almost. Somewhere behind her she heard Martin saying an embarrassed, 'well, I think I'd better be off now, thanks for the coffee.'

Molly spun round as she heard him get up to leave. 'What? No, listen I'm sorry please don't feel you have to go.' She followed him out of the room and down the stairs.

'No, it's OK I have a flight in the morning. We're off to Ireland, I'm err not sure when I'll be back. I'll call you...maybe.'

'Yes, please do.'

By now they were at the door and things turned a little awkward. It was obvious Martin wanted to be anywhere but here and Molly just wanted to kick Sherlock in the shins, hard.

'Goodnight then Molly and...um...thanks for today.' He leant forward and kissed her on the cheek before opening the door and fleeing. Molly watched him make his way down the street before closing the door and resting her forehead on the cool wood for a moment. The calm before the storm!

Poor Molly, well it was never going to be all plain sailing living with Sherlock was it. I hope you liked Martin's reappearance; he didn't stand much of a chance against Sherlock though did he? Let me know.

And just to be clear, to anyone not familiar with Cabin Pressure (though why wouldn't you be it's brilliant) Martin Crieff isn't my real life husband, I'm not sad enough to insert him into my fic. Martin is Benedict's character in the show and just my fantasy husband ;).

End
file.